

Elizabeth Eden: Hopeless Ravenclaw (R)

by Invader Tar

Category: Harry Potter

Genre: Humor, Romance

Language: English

Characters: James P., Remus L., Severus S., Sirius B.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-13 08:09:59

Updated: 2016-04-22 21:29:13

Packaged: 2016-04-27 18:50:10

Rating: T

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,225

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Mean Girls meets John Tucker Must Die meets Harry Potter.

(revamp) Liz Eden was intent on ruining Sirius Black's life, of teaching him a lesson by becoming the girl he would fall for and then breaking his heart. However, not everything always goes according to plan. SBOC RLOC Rated T for language and sexual innuendo.

1. Chapter 1

Disclaimer: I do not own nor claim the Harry Potter series by J.K. Rowling, this also applies to every chapter posted on this story.

Author's Note (A/N): I first wrote this story in 2008. I planned to continue it with a sequel in 2009, but was derailed after the passing of my father. I recently reread the stories (after receiving an email about someone adding it to their favorites) and have decided to revisit this world. I have graduated college and am working in my field, and could currently use a bit of escapism. I don't know if this site is still active, but I hope that it is, and I hope that people are still interested in my voice. I still get reviews from this story and its sequel inboxed to me to this day, and hope to you all justice.

* * *

><p>I sat uncomfortably in the compartment, half asleep due to our slumber party the night before. My friends and I had a habit of staying up all night the last night of summer, as one last big hurrah. This inevitably lasted in a first day of school made even more miserable due to the exhaustion of sleep deprivation.<p>

I looked around the train compartment. Gwyneth Garrett, one of my best friends and the inventor of the all-night-slumber-party was now sound asleep. Katherine Kirkwood, possibly my closest friend, sat across the compartment from me, her nose buried in a worn and torn

Muggle book. She was wide-eyed and bushy tailed, seeing as how she didn't think of herself as subject to the all-nighter rules.

"Katherine," I whispered. "I don't feel well."

"Me neither, Liz," whispered back Demetria Didd, my third and last best friend.

"It's that Potter boy," Kate said as she looked up from her book and glared out of the compartment door where Potter was attempting to seem nonchalant, as if he weren't constantly and consistently up to no good. If I knew Potter (which I like to think I did), he was probably trying to set the train on fire.

"No, not that-I think I'm going to throw up," I said. "The motion sickness is finally getting to me."

"Oh." With that, both Kate and Demetria lost all interest.

"I'm going to get something to settle my stomach," I said, more to the compartment than my friends. "Oh and to change into robes. We're almost at Hogwarts. Look alive, ladies."

As soon as my foot hit the ground of the hallway, I was greeted with an all too familiar voice.

"Going somewhere, Eden?"

"Blergh," I sighed internally, reprimanding myself for not waiting a minute or two to give Potter's minions a chance to follow him to whatever hole he had climbed out of. "Yes, not that it's any business of yours." I turned around to face him, the infamous Sirius Black.

He was leaning against the train wall, his arms crossed. I noticed that his jet black hair was longer than last year, now grazing the top most part of his shoulders. His stormy eyes bore into mine with a hint of amusement. His mere presence annoyed and intimidated me. He never spoke to me but to bother me, never looked at me but to laugh and yet I thought of him as the embodiment of perfection in the male specimen, if one ignored the requirement for brains (which let's be honest-many often did).

"Oh come, come, Eleanor," he said with a heavy sigh. "There is no need to be so hostile."

"I'm not being hostile, I just have no time for the likes of you," I said, completely ignoring that he had just called me by the wrong name. He had known me since first year. If he couldn't get it right in the six years since then, it was beyond me to try to correct him. I started walking away from him, vomit threatening to spew out of me at any second.

"On the contrary," I could hear the stupid smile in his voice. "you'll have loads of time to dawdle now that Diggory's finally dumped you."

I turned around, wand drawn and ready but it was too late. The beast had returned to its lair for now. Leave it to Sirius Black to not

remember a girl's name, but know her up to the minute relationship status. It's a wonder how fast gossip gets around when all means of communication are magical. I wondered if anyone had bothered mentioning that Diggory, the golden boy, had dumped me because I wouldn't "advance our relationship further... you know, physically." Hmm, probably not-Diggory was the school's Quidditch star and I was just a bookish type.

After getting a chocolate from from the food trolley, I changed into my robes and returned back to the compartment just as the train pulled to a stop. Before I knew it, we were in the Great Hall, listening to Dumbledore talk about something or other of no importance but to Filch, the school caretaker.

"What do you suppose Dumbledore is blabbing on about?" asked Gwyneth Garrett, the previously sleeping best friend. Gwyn, Demi, Kate and I made up the only four Ravenclaw girls in our year, and were forced into a friendship of sorts through our six years together.

"I don't know," Demi yawned.

"He said something about keeping out of the forest," Kate said, looking up from her book. She was ironically the most well-informed of the four of us. "He's telling us about some of Filch's newest set of rules." See? I told you-Filch is crazy. _

"This is true," Gwyn laughed. "Why should we bore ourselves with the headmaster when we know the routine?" Her speech caused a first year to look up at her with huge watery eyes and an open mouth. By the expression he gave her, you would think she had killed his puppy. She sighed in frustration, "were we that annoying as first years?"

"I hope not," I laughed.

"Anyway, girls," Gwyn continued. "Any new goals for the upcoming year?"

"Outstanding's in all my classes," Kate said.

"It shouldn't be too hard," Demi snorted. "We are Ravenclaws."

"Bravery and drive are fine," I said, looking to the Gryffindor and Slytherin tables in turn, "and whatever it is that Hufflepuffs have to offer, but wit is the only thing of lasting value."

"To Ravenclaw," Demi toasted.

"To Ravenclaw," we all echoed, clinging our goblets of pumpkin juice together.

Half an hour later, after all were fed and fat, Kate and I led the Ravenclaw table to the commons, telling them the newest password.

"Cave Inimicum," they all echoed after us, tattooing the year's first password into their brains. Kate and I were to patrol the halls later on in the night for one hour directly after curfew. Nights like this, I regretted being a Prefect. I was exhausted.

"Kate, you can't make me go," I whined sometime later, sitting in my favorite chair by the fireplace. "I am thoroughly, utterly and completely exhausted."

"You can stay if you would like," she shrugged. "I can tell anyone that cares that you're not feeling well."

"No, my dear Katherine. I shan't miss my chance of patrolling these halls and keeping them out of the grasps of evil for another night," I said, getting up with a hefty sigh. Okay, so maybe I can be a little over-dramatic sometimes.

We pushed out of the portrait hole and each walked to our separate hallways. Patrolling was almost an involuntary reaction this year. Repeating the action nightly last year had taught me to walk up and down the halls either completely lost in thought or free of any. I had gotten so used to it that it took no real brain function, causing me to become completely lost in the physical aspect of the all too familiar pattern.

"Ah!" I screeched as I rounded a corner and ran into someone. "Ten points from Gryffindor," I yelled after recognizing the offender to be Peter Pettigrew, another of Potter's henchmen. I had deducted points more because he had caused me panic with his rat-like features than because I truly cared that he was out of bed after hours.

The rest of the night, however, went smoothly and before I knew it, Kate and I were back in our dormitory along with Gwyn and Demi. It felt nice to be home again. Actually, Hogwarts had felt more like home ever since my first year there. My mother had died when I was young, causing my father to enroll me in Salem's Summer Institute for Young Witches and Wizards. It was the best he could do as he was usually on business trips for the Ministry of Magic for days on end, what with you-know-who's rise to power.

I fell asleep rather comfortably that night, completely unaware of the horrible events that were to take place the following day.

* * *

><p>AN: Thank you for reading if you have made it this far. If you're interested in the story, please go ahead and review so I know you're here. Seeing as how this story is a revamp, I expect new chapters to be rolled out rather quickly.

2. Chapter 2

A/N: No reviews, though some very nice people have added the story to their alerts list, which gives me hope! I'm currently writing this at work after finishing all of my benchwork during my computer break. :) It's been raining really hard here, and it's kind of depressing me. I hope the weather is better wherever you are.

* * *

><p>"Whatdidyoudo!?" it was Gwyn's words that awoke me from my deep sleep.<p>

"Wha?" I said, wiping drool from my face. I pushed my wild morning

hair out of my face and silently thanked the lord that we got the weekend to adjust to the castle before classes started each year.

"Is it true?" Demi chipped in, cluing me in to the fact that Gwyn wasn't alone.

"Is what true?" my vision finally returned to its normal sharpness. Gwyn was absolutely fuming, Demi looked nauseous, and Kate just looked concerned. "Give me a break, I just woke up."

"You took points away from Pettigrew?" Gwyn accused, as if asking me if I had thrown away the cure for cancer.

"Yes? What is the big deal?!" I asked, yawning and walking over to the bathroom.

"he's a MARAUDER, that's what!"

"Yes, yes and I'm an Aquarius or something. Once again-what's the big deal?" This had apparently been the wrong answer.

Everyone seemed in on something that I was left out of, however at this point, Gwyn was the only speaker. I didn't understand why James Potter and his crew were such a big deal around these parts.

"The big deal, Elizabeth, is that now you've invoked the wrath of Potter and Black upon us!" Gwyn screeched, eyes on fire by this point.

"Well," Kate began, "in Liz's defense, he was out after hours."

"Don't provoke her, Katherine," Gwyn hissed. She seemed to be absolutely terrified at what me taking a few points away from Pettigrew and the Gryffindor Gang would mean for our house, and for us (socially speaking).

"Look, he was breaking the rules," I said between brushing my teeth. "Protocol is to deduct points. I won't pretend like nothing happened just because he's friends with Big Bad Black and his sidekick Potter the Insolent."

"Insolent?" Demi asked, raising an eyebrow at me. "How do you know that? Were the rumors about you two in Grade Four correct?"

Kate laughed hard she snorted, "Demi, you're thinking of 'impotent.' Insolent means to be a bit cheeky and ill-mannered."

"Do you all just not get it?!" Gwyn thundered, interrupting the chatter. "They won't stop until they have our blood!"

With that, she stomped out of the door, more or less dragging Demi with her.

"What is going on here?" I asked while untangling my messy hair. I couldn't understand what Gwyn was talking about. Maybe it was because I had been half asleep when she assaulted me, or maybe it was because she usually didn't seem to be making any sense to me whatsoever.

"Apparently Black and Potter are furious that you deducted points from Gryffindor," she spoke, leaning against the door's frame.

"Yes, but Pettigrew was **out after hours**, as you said."

"True," Kate reasoned, "However, this is the first time you've deducted points from anyone... and the first time you've disciplined a Gryffindor."

"Wait, so they think this was a personal attack on Gryffindors?!" I asked, changing out of my pajamas and into normal clothes.

"Yes, and apparently Peter was delivering a note to some girl from Black, and seeing as how Black is a--"

"Ignorant, supercilious brute."

"Precisely," she smiled. "He thinks that it's because he beat you in the Final Duel in defense last year."

"What?" I screamed, outraged. "That's absurd! Besides, he only won because Potter distracted me!"

"Be that as it may," she sighed, "it doesn't mean he thinks that."

"This was not a personal attack," I shouted. "Black is not of such importance to me!"

I was getting extremely irritated, and extremely hot. I could feel my face sweating with the pure rage I felt-it was just another case of people wanting to cut Black slack! He was just like the rest of us, shouldn't he be treated as such? And this entire thing was completely unfair-to me.

"Save your shouting for the Gryffindor girls," she said, following me to the Commons. "We heard it from them through the grapevine."

"Better yet," I said, pushing out of the painting, "I'll tell Black that--"

"Tell me what?"

Kate screeched at the surprise. I just got angrier.

"Speaking of the dim-witted devil!" I shouted, without getting a chance to think about manners or tact.

"Watch your manners, Eden." Potter, as always, was right beside black. "Or I'll have to deduct points from Ravenclaw."

"Hush, Potter," Kate smiled sweetly. She was usually as docile as a puppy but had a bit of a bite in her when it came to defending her friends.

"Black, this was not a personal attack. You are not nearly important enough to me. Your little minion was out after hours," I said, bringing up all the points I had shouted at Kate earlier in the

dorms. "Protocol is protocol."

"Yes," Black spoke, fooling me for a second into thinking he was seeing things my way. "You have never deducted points from any other house."

He just stood there, looking like a big, stupid oaf. He seemed to just expect special treatment, like he had gotten his entire life. I was pretty sure his sense of entitlement was due to his family being one of the most ancient Wizarding families in Europe. He was probably adjusted to just having things handed to him wherever he went.

"No other house has scared me half to death before," I said angrily. "What makes you all think that you're about the law just because you're you."

"Sirius," Kate spoke up finally. "Liz is right-you are not a special snowflake. We can't bend the rules for you."

"Fine then," Black smiled. "just stop treating me like you've got a little schoolgirl crush on me. You don't have to pick on my friends to get my attention."

And with that, they finally walked away.

The entire scene reminded me of a similar one in Grade One. The word had just gotten around the school that my mother had been a squib, and the kids used this knowledge to mock me for not performing well in charms and potions classes. Black had teased me nonstop, merciless despite being fully aware of my mother's recent death. When a teacher had reprimanded him for his cruelty, he swore up and down that he had no idea about the accident that took my mother away from me. When he was let free, he smirked at me and whispered, "your little mommy can't help you with magic-dead or alive." That day I swore to myself I would never let him best me in Charms or any other subject for that matter. That day he became my enemy.

"The nerve of him," I breathed heavily and kicked a nearby wall which to my surprise emitted an 'ouch.' "If I were to shave my head, he'd find a way to link it to himself."

"Well," Kate said, wondering to herself, "He did try putting that Balding Curse on us in Grade 3."

* * *

><p>Throughout breakfast, there were quite a few people watching me and murmuring. They were mainly from the Gryffindor table, but that didn't make it any easier to ignore. A few times, there was straight out pointing, to which I responded with eyerolling so heavy and exaggerated that my eyes almost got stuck.<p>

"It was ten points," I grumbled, miserably. "Ten wretched points! Can't they just let it go?"

"They're Griffyndors, of course they can't," Gwyn said, deciding to finally talk to me. Demi soon followed and stopped giving me the cold shoulder.

"They've been sore ever since we won the house cup last year," Kate sympathized.

"I just don't get why it's such an issue, it was ten measly points," I said glumly. I hated attention, especially when it was so negative.

"Because it's Sirius Black and James Potter," Demi chipped in, speaking for the first time. "They're Hogwarts' favorite scoundrels."

"Well, I don't care!" I pouted. "They shouldn't get treatment just because they're--"

"Gorgeous, smart, hilarious?" Kate suggested.

"Katherine!" I scorned, "Do not switch over to the dark side!"

The rest of our morning seemed to be spent mostly in silence. None of us felt safe saying anything with so many eyes concentrating on us. Even though it was foolish to think this way, it felt as if everyone seemed to be reading our very thoughts. Ironically enough, the four people at the Gryffindor table who never looked our way were Potter, Black, Pettigrew and Lupin.

In the afternoon, Kate and I headed to the library. Gwyn decided that she wanted to know what else was being said about the incident, and took Demi with her into the fields to eavesdrop on people.

"Don't look now," Kate muttered, "but Lupin is across the library from us, by the biographies of famous witches and wizards section."

I casually looked up from my book, attempting to seem as if I were just stretching. She was right. There he was, one of the spawns of Satan himself, sitting there reading a rather gigantic book.

"This means the others can't be too far away," I whispered back suspiciously.

Kate got up from her seat and looked around the more popular areas of the library. She was attempting to seem as if she were looking for a book, but ended up looking like she had to pee instead. As much as I love Kate, she is not that great of an actress. She sat back down, shrugging and we returned to our reading. Kate and I were attempting to find a social guide to these types of situations. Leave it to Ravenclaws to need a book to navigate their way around teenage emotions.

"They're coming," Kate groaned, looking towards the doors. She was right, Black and Potter were coming into the library, tailed closely by Pettigrew who was attempting to see over a large pile of books in his arms. They seemed to use him as a type of work mule.

"Do you think we can leave without being detected?" I asked, shrinking into my chair and holding my book up higher.

"It's worth a try, wait until they walk over to Remus. We can leave then," she laughed. We sounded like hostages in our own school. Before I knew it, Kate and I got up and attempted to seem casual as

we half walked, half ran toward the door. Once we got outside, neither of us could stop laughing.

"Did you see the looks those fourth years gave us?" Kate laughed, "like we were about to attack them!"

"Luckily," I giggled, walking toward the fields, "I don't think Black and Potter noticed."

"Black doesn't notice much until it hits him in the face," she laughed, "by which point he's too stunned to realize what it is."

We finally spotted Gwyn and Demi by our favorite tree and made our way over to them.

"Did you two find out anything interesting?" Kate asked, yawning and stretching out next to me. She took a piece of chocolate out of her pocket and gave me half.

"Well, apparently, Potter has a crush on Lily Evans," said Demi.

"_Filch_ could have told you that," I snorted. "Anything interesting?"

"I don't know whether I should tell you this," Gwyn took a deep breath, seeming rather excited to tell me whatever it was she was supposedly unsure about, "but apparently Diggory is dating Marilyn Mercer."

"Marilyn Mercer?" Kate gasped, chocking on her chocolate. "But isn't she notoriously... _loose_?"

"That's precisely why he's dating her," I said resentfully.

"Don't worry, Liz," Demi said, patting my arm. "Half the school thinks you're with Hayden Heathers."

I snorted. Perfect. The only sixth year male Ravenclaw I ever talked to, _of course_ I would be dating him.

"And the other half thinks you're dating Severus Snape to offend Sirius Black," Gwyn laughed.

"Well, I don't mind so much about Snape," I sighed. I was beyond attempting to end the gossip circuit anymore.

"He's quite handsome once you get over the shock of his nose," Kate said, making us all laugh.

"well, he really isn't bad looking," Demi said, pointing out said Slytherin across the field.

"He's really quite good looking," Kate added. "It's just his attitude that offends most."

We all took a moment to nod our agreement.

"I don't know," I said after a moment. "Severus has always been nice to me."

"That's because you're a potions and defense goddess," Kate said. "And those are his favorite subjects."

None of us questioned how Kate knew that. She never discriminated against anyone, and thus had a lot of friends all around the castle.

"Maybe you should date Severus," Gwyn said, playfully. "It would be fun to see Black's expression."

"None of the Marauders care what any of us do," Demi said, lying down. "We aren't exactly in his circle of friends."

"Well then, let's become a part of his circle of friends," Gwyn smiled, pulling my arm down and making me lie down next to her. "Then Liz can date Severus."

"Yeah," Kate said. I could hear the smile in her voice. "Black needs to learn that he won't always get what he wants."

* * *

><p>AN: The rain here seems to have stopped, and there's a lapse of sunshine once again. Please take a second to review. Any input would be appreciated.

3. Chapter 3

A/N: this is being written in the midst of me doing laundry in a more manual laundry machine. I hope the choppiness isn't reflected here. Thank you to all of you that have added this story to your favorites, I hope someone actually reviews soon.

Also, the story has already started diverging from the initial draft, which is good news b/c I'm hoping writing something as structured as fan fiction can act as kind of a primer to get me to writing original content again.

* * *

><p>"What are you talking about?" I asked, more than little suspicious. We were back in the dormitories at Gwyn's request. She had wanted a more "secluded" area.<p>

"Look, Liz," Gwyn began pacing the room, "you're the one who is always talking about how Black needs to realize that he's just another student."

"Are you going to just complain about it?" Demi asked.

"Or are you actually going to do something about it?" Gwyn finished.

They had become extremely synchronized ever since they had spend the entirety of last summer together. Honestly, I had gotten sick of it already and the school year had just started.

"Just because she says he should open his eyes doesn't mean she wants

to pry them open herself," Kate reasoned.

Gwyn had been attempting to pressure Kate and I into joining forces with her to bring Black and Potter down before. Once her target was even Lily Evans. I had to admit, social espionage did sound like a beautiful idea... but simultaneously, I didn't want to spend any more time with Black than I already had to. I had had enough of his company to last several hundred lifetimes, as we had nearly all of our classes together since first year.

"I don't want to look at him more than I have to," I spoke up.

"But this is for a good cause!" Gwyn finally came to a stop at the foot of my bed. Kate and I had been sitting down while Gwyn and Demi paced the floor in opposite directions like choreographed dancers.

"Think about it, Liz," she commenced her argument. "It's a way to make him realize that that he can't always get what he wants, that he's just like the rest of us. We've been dealing with his behavior for years. Haven't you had enough?"

"Can't you just imagine his face when we're through with him?" Demi giggled with excitement.

My defenses were weakening. It sounded like a great idea—a way to seek revenge on Black. Revenge for every single time he cut in line in front of me, god a good grade because our professors liked him, every time he had gotten something he didn't deserve just because he was popular. And if we managed to be sneaky enough, no one would be the wiser. No one would think I was just being spiteful about the duel he (wrongfully) won. I looked at Kate for a second opinion. She was always the most sane of the four of us.

"It would be fun," she said, meeting my eyes. "But I won't push you to do anything you don't want to."

"Thank you, Katherine." I hugged her. I pushed off of the bed and stood in the middle of the room. "Demetria Didd, Katherine Kirkwood, Gwyneth Garret," I said, nodding to each lady in turn. "My dearest Ravenclaw girls, it seems as if we have a plan."

"Operation Black Attack is under way!" Gwyn squealed.

We all broke down in a fit of nervous giggles. It looked like something beautiful and simultaneously terrifying was underway. We all stood around, staring at each other for a moment or two.

Demi's stomach growled, causing us to launch into another fit of laughter.

"It's dinner time," she laughed. "We can plot Black's demise down there."

"Demise?" Kate questioned. "Don't you think that's taking it a bit too far?"

"Well, how about his oversized ego's demise?"

"Well put," I said as we all emptied out of the dorms. Once we were

at the Great Hall, we took care to find the most isolated spot on the Ravenclaw table. We usually sat in the same spot consistently toward the head of the table, which was traditionally for sixth years, but today we needed privacy. Gwyn ended up having to shoo several first years out of a secluded spot.

"Alright, well what plan do we even have?" I questioned, taking a sip of my tea. Since we had all ignited our friendship (about half way through the first year), it had been our tradition to drink tea before every meal. It had actually helped us by keeping us all somewhat trim and always conscious enough for the loads of homework. The tea calmed your stomach, gave you an extra kick so that after a day or so of extremely hard work, you wouldn't take out academic stress by stuffing as much fudge and pudding into your mouth as humanly possible-not that it always stopped us from trying. I had recently taken the tradition further, drinking coffee and tea several times each day. My love of the stuff had become so notorious that I had received an excessive amount of never-emptying coffee and tea mugs for Christmas the prior year.

"Well... We need to start by being civil to Black" Gwyn said. She was always one for these elaborate plans, and loved being the leader of secret operations. I was sure that after Hogwarts, she would probably pursue a career in the Ministry's department of Mysteries.

"then we will build up to being friends with Lily Evans," Demi added. Apparently Gwyn and Demi had talked this entire thing over before letting me, the bait, in on it.

"Brilliant," Gwyn winked.

"Everyone knows Potter's in love with her," Kate added, causing Gwyn to give her a dark look. Gwyn had been carrying a bit of a torch for James Potter ever since he had asked her to borrow a quill one day. She now downright detested Lily Evans since she proved one of Gwyn's theories wrong in an open assignment in Muggle Studies. This, added to Potter's apparent affection for her, drove her mad. She had always held Kate and my friendship with Lily against us.

"And of course," Gwyn shrugged, "you're already friends with Evans, so you just have to elaborate on said friendship."

"And then?" I asked after a moment or two of tense silence.

"We'll improvise and revise from there on," Gwyn said. "Things never go according to plan around here."

"Because of Filch," I muttered, causing the girls to roll their eyes. "I'm serious, you guys! That man is pure evil. One day you'll see."

Gwyn waived the subject aside suddenly, causing Demi to take control back of the conversation.

"The basic outline," she began, "is to gain Black's trust and maybe affection and then blow it on dating Severus."

"Something along those lines," Gwyn said. "Now hush, our victim is coming over here."

Demi took this as her queue to start a conversation completely unrelated to anything mentioned that day.

"Then I told mother that I don't care what she says," Demi went on, "I'm not following father's footsteps-I'm the first in the family to not be sorted into Hufflepuff!"

"Obviously," Gwyn replied, acting engrossed as if the topic had taken up the entire meal.

"You're the first very witty person in your family," I smiled, encouragingly. This caused Gwyn to snort, and Kate to give her a wicked look.

"It's not your fault you have got a future more than that silly little robe shop ahead of you!" Gwyn said, earning another dark look from Kate. The robe shop had been quite small when we all first met, giving Demi a sort of complex about her parents being working class people, unlike Gwyn, Kate and myself whose parents had had well established careers. Now, however, the shop was anything but "little," which unfortunately did not stop Gwyn's jabs much to my chagrin.

Honestly, I was currently just thanking the heavens for Kate keeping her mouth shut. If she had said anything at all, she would have blown our cover. The poor girl is completely incapable of lying.

"Eden," I heard Potter's voice from behind me. Gwyn and I made eye-contact, she nodded slightly to confirm that Black was with Potter.

"Yes?" I turned around, smiling sweetly and as widely as my face would allow me.

"I trust that if you run into Peter here," Potter continued, slapping the boy on his back, "hypothetically speaking of course, that you won't feel the need to deduct points?"

Black was beside Potter, smirking. I wanted to strangle him. How dare they assume that they were above the law? I felt Kate's hand squeeze my arm, bringing me back to reality. I took a deep, loud breath and put on my best impression of Abarella Abbott, the Gryffindor most commonly called the class ditz.

"Of course not," I said, making sure my voice was laced with enough sugary sweetness to turn a listener diabetic. "I wouldn't dream of it! The only reason I deducted points at all last night because I was just so afraid!" I was doing everything I could to appeal to Black's chauvinistic side. Years of dealing with strict wizards at Salem's Summer Institute for Young Witches and Wizards had left me a better liar than I wished to be. I made a note to self to invite Kate over for a visit this upcoming summer-she could definitely use the training.

"Besides," Gwyn chimed in, "it's not as if he's a Slytherin. He's a Gryffindor, for Merlin's sake! we should be glad the likes of him are out patrolling the halls as well."

I could hear Kate choke on her laughter next to me. The sarcasm in it

was extremely obvious to anyone who knew her intent.

"Yes, and Peter?" I continued, "I am just so awfully sorry that I ever deducted points from you!"

"Why, you should have seen her," Demi began, "Gwyn and I had to cheer her up she was so close to crying."

I bit the insides of my cheek to keep from laughing. Kate, however, had given in to temptation but managed to cover her laugh at the last second with a cough.

Black didn't seem to be buying this last little bit. It had apparently been too much. He cocked an eyebrow at me, daring me to meet his eyes.

"It's true, you know," I said tragically.

"Well your opinions seem to have changed since this morning," Black said, his face softening.

"People change their minds, Sirius," Gwyn said. She then turned to Demi and Kate and began talking about something completely unrelated to Black or Pettigrew. That had always been Gwyn's way of dismissing someone.

"Well then," Black turned to me, seeming rather confused.

"I'm glad we have an understanding, Eden" Potter chimed in.

"Me too," I smiled, batting my eyelashes. "Sorry again about the misunderstanding last night."

"Don't mention it," he said. It sounded more like a question than a statement.

We all collectively held our breath until they exited the Great Hall. However, as soon as they were gone, none of us could hold the laughter in any longer. My loud cackle overpowered the girls' more feminine laugh.

"that was too much fun," I laughed, snorting at the end. My sides were beginning to ache. "I have renewed faith. Messing with Black's head is just too good of a time to pass up."

"I'm glad you see things my way," Gwyn winked.

"That was the most evil I've been in ages," Kate said. "Hoodwinking ?Black should be just as fun as bringing his ego down to size."

"He looked so confused at the end," Demi said, "almost as confused as he looked while he was taking his OWLs last year."

"The intense look of concentration and bafflement was nearly too much to handle," I sighed, remembering the look on Black's face. His desk had been near to mine, and I had had to bite my cheeks RAW to keep from laughing at him. He had tangled his hand in his hair in his attempts to somehow dig up an answer from his dull mind.

"Whatever he did must have worked," Kate shrugged. "Apparently he did

very well on his OWLs."

"Wait, so he's not an idiot?" I asked. They all looked at me, shaking their head no. "When did this happen?"

"He was never dim," Kate said, going back to eating.

"You just see him as that way because he's," Gwyn took a moment to think of the right word, "socially impaired."

* * *

><p>"Are you ready for classes tomorrow?" Kate asked as we were rounding up our dastardly prefect duties.<p>

"Oh no," I said, suddenly remembering the weekend was over. "With my luck, I'll have every single class with Black and Potter."

"Yes," Kate giggled. "I rather think Dumbledore enjoys torturing you."

The relentless teasing had become so annoying and evident that after finding out in fourth year that all of my classes were with the duo again, I had gone to see the headmaster. He had reassured me that the schedules were completely based on who wanted to take what, and since Ravenclaw and Gryffindor house had always gotten along well, nearly all of our classes had been scheduled together. I had returned to my dormitory more than a little defeated that night.

"I'm actually surprised Black's little friend didn't jump out at you again," Kate said as we climbed through the portrait hole. "I was sure he would want to test your new attitude."

I yawned, "I'm glad he didn't. Seeing Black once a day is more than enough."

"We should get to bed-Double Potions first thing in the morning and all," Kate said as we changed into our pajamas. "Here's hoping Black isn't there."

I snorted, "Do you really think the universe loves me that much?"

"Not really."

End
file.